

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

Such Was the Experience  
of a Minister

WHO TRIED A MATTER OUT  
How He Applied the Gates  
Philanthropy in His  
Own Affairs.

The little country clergyman had just read that very charming anecdote now going the rounds of the press telling how John W. Gates, the other day, on meeting the minister who had married him forty years ago, after greeting him warmly, said to him:

"When you married me I only gave you a five-dollar bill, but I'll make up for it now," and drawing out his check book he drew and presented to the astonished clergyman a draft for a thousand dollars.

The little country clergyman rubbed his eyes when he read this, and then read it aloud to his wife.

"That is perfectly splendid," he said. "It certainly is," replied the good lady. "By the way, Henry, didn't you tell me that it was you who married Josephine Hickenlooper to Colonel Bullion, of the Shingle Trust?"

"Yes; it was thirty-five years ago. He paid me two dollars for tying the knot," returned the clergyman.

"Well, I should say," said the good lady, "that if these millionaires are going to make a habit of this thing, it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to meet the Colonel some day and casually remind him of it."

"Curious coincidence," said the little minister, "but do you know, Maria, I was thinking of that very same thing myself."

"Well, Henry, dear, don't let any grass grow under your feet," said Maria. "If I were you, I'd go to New York to-day, while the anecdote is fresh in the public mind, and sort of get in touch with Colonel Bullion. Who knows but that he has just read it himself and is thinking of you at this very moment?"

Hence it was that the next morning found the Rev. Henry lingering about the portals of the massive building in which Colonel Bullion attended to business, and sure enough along about eleven o'clock the impressive figure of the Colonel was to be seen making his way through the crowded highway.

"Why, Bill, how are you?" said the Reverend Henry, extending his hand, as Bullion entered the corridor.

"Morning," said the Colonel, glowering darkly and trying to get by.

"You don't seem to remember me Bill," said the Reverend Henry. "Don't you remember that I married you to Josephine?"

"Remember you?" roared the Colonel. "Remember you? I'd give ten thousand dollars if I could forget you. You are my most persistent nightmare. When I think of what I got for that two-dollar bill I gave you thirty-five years ago for tugging me up for the rest of my natural life, you ought to thank your stars that I don't jump on your ding-blasted neck. Get out of here!"

And the Reverend Henry went back to his flock.—[Harper's Weekly.]

### A Question.

She had a saucy mouth,  
And—well,  
He can't be blamed because  
He fell.  
What do you s'pose that you  
Would do  
If she should put it up  
To you?

### A Great Invention.

The men in the Pullman smoker were arguing as to who was the greatest inventor, says Lippincott's. One said Stephenson, who invented the locomotive and made fast travel possible.

## Tutt's Pills

stimulate the TORPID LIVER, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequalled as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE, in malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated.

Take No Substitute.

### FASTIDIOUS WOMEN

consider Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic a necessity in the hygienic care of the person and for local treatment of feminine ills. As a wash its cleansing, germicidal, deodorizing and healing qualities are extraordinary. For sale at Druggists. Sample free. Address The R. Paxton Co., Boston, Mass.

bic. Another declared it was the man who invented the compass which enables men to navigate the seas. Another contended for Edison. Still another for the Wrights.

Finally one of them turned to a little man who had remained silent.

"Whom do you think?"

"Well," he said, with a hopeful smile, "the man who invented interest was no slouch."

## —The— Scrap Book

### Yes, He Was Hurt.

There had been a barroom fight in a frontier town. One man was frightfully mangled with a bowie knife. The surgeon said that he could not live and described his condition in the technical terms of his profession, telling of injuries to certain cartilages, membranes, and so forth. When he had gone away a friend of the dying man called to inquire if he was really in danger, asking, "Is Jim much hurt?" "Is Jim Joyce hurt?" replied one of the crowd. "Is Jim hurt? Why, man, the doc says that all of the Latin part of his bowels is gone."

### Goodby.

We say it for an hour or for years;  
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;  
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss,  
And yet we have no other word than this—  
"Goodby."

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,  
For him who journeys to the world's far end,  
And scours our soul with going; thus we say  
As unto him who steps but o'er the way,  
"Goodby."

Alike to those we love and those we hate,  
We say no more in parting. At life's gate  
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight  
We cry, as to the wanderer for a night,  
"Goodby."  
—Grace Denio Litchfield.

### The Risk He Ran.

It was a prohibition country. As soon as the train pulled up a seedy little man with a covered basket on his arm hurried to the open windows of the smoker and exhibited a quart bottle filled with rich dark liquid.

"Want to buy some nice cold tea?" he asked, with just the suspicion of a wink.

Two thirsty looking cattlemen brightened visibly, and each paid a dollar for a bottle.

"Wait until you get out the station before you take a drink," the little man cautioned them. "I don't want to get in trouble."

He found three other customers before the train pulled out, in each case repeating his warning.

"You seem to be doing a pretty good business," remarked a man who had watched it all. "But I don't see why you'd run any more risk of getting in trouble if they took a drink before the train started."

"Ye don't, hey? Well, what them bottles had in 'em, pardner, was real cold tea."

### Shocked the Old Gentleman.

Henry E. Dixey, the comedian, while visiting Philadelphia one autumn attended a very aristocratic Thanksgiving ball in Rittenhouse square.

While supper was being served Mr. Dixey ranged himself behind the supper table with the twelve or fifteen waiters busy there. Soon a mild-mannered old gentleman with white hair approached the actor, glass in hand.

"Would you mind filling my glass with champagne, please?" he said.

Mr. Dixey started, drew himself up and said, with a look of horror:

"Certainly not, sir; certainly not. You have already had more than is good for you."

### Colored Swedes.

A substantial Swedish merchant of New York city who came to this country when he was a boy told this incident of his early experiences in the metropolis:

"I once started out to call upon a girl I had known in the old country. I was told that she lived at Madison avenue and — street. When I reached that corner I was in doubt which house to try, but I finally went up the steps of one that faced on the avenue and rang the bell. A girl came to the door. 'Does Miss Nelson live here?' I asked as politely as I could.

"I don't know any such person," she answered, and I was turning away when she called after me, 'Is she white?'

"That irritated me. 'Did you ever know any Swedes who were colored?' I asked.

"Well, I have seen some green Swedes," was her retort, and I did not continue the conversation."

### The Judge's Advice.

Mr. Choate, having arrived at the old sighted age, did not recognize it or did not wish to commence the use of glasses. In pleading a cause he had difficulty in seeing his notes and in order properly to decipher his manuscript kept holding his paper farther and farther off. On one occasion this so annoyed the judge that he at last burst out with, "Mr. Choate, I would advise you to get one of two things—either a pair of tongs or a pair of spectacles."

Foley's Kidney Pills contain in concentrated form ingredients of established therapeutic value for the relief and cure of all kidney and bladder ailments. Foley's Kidney Pills are antiseptic, tonic and restorative and a prompt corrective of all urinary irregularities. Sold by all druggists. m

## RELICS OF THE OLDEN TIMES

Found Under Corner Stone  
Of Masonic Hall.

DOCUMENTS DIMMED BY AGE

Buried Nearly 69 Years Ago  
—They Bring Back Mem-  
ories of Past.

Recently this paper contained an account of the razing of the old Masonic hall, on Union Street. One day last week, when the foundation had been reached, a small zinc box was removed from an opening which had been made in the corner stone at the southeast corner. This box was placed there at the laying of the corner stone June 21st, 1851, by Hartford Lodge No. 156 F. & A. M. The contents had become damp because of a small defect in the box and the documents deposited were not in good state of preservation. However, enough could be determined to create intense interest upon the part of those who have had an opportunity to examine them. The box contained a small bible, a copy of the Frankfort Commonwealth, of date June 17th, 1851, a copy of the American-Courier, published in Philadelphia, of date Saturday, June 7th, 1851, a copy of a speech delivered by John H. McHenry, on the subject of tariff, in the House of Representatives, June 30th, 1846, a copy of the Free Mason Monthly magazine, published in Boston, and a manuscript containing the names and officers of the local lodge and names of the Grand lodge officers.

The latter document was in a very poor state of preservation and only a few of the names could be deciphered. It was accompanied by a paper on which was written "This paper deposited by T. J. Henderson, Senior Warden, June 21, 1851." Mr. Henderson was a young attorney at Hartford at that time and a great-uncle of Dr. E. B. Pendleton and Mrs. H. P. Taylor. The paper also contained the name of H. D. Taylor, grandfather of Hon. H. P. Taylor, written in a plain hand. It is said that the document, which cannot be read, contained a prediction made by Mr. Taylor that the nation would become a temperance nation by the nineteenth century. This is shown by an entry in a scrap-book made by Mr. Taylor at the time, which is being preserved by Hon. H. P. Taylor. The copy of the Philadelphia paper contains a lengthy speech by Daniel Webster and one upon reading it feels as though he were delving into the remote past, and upon handling the old relics, feels like he were touching hallowed objects. It is to be regretted that the documents are not in better state of preservation so that they could be placed on display as interesting curios, for the public. They may be seen by those who desire to examine them at the office of The Hartford Republican.

"They say that Jawly is the greatest kicker in his football team."

"I'm not surprised. His father was the infernal old kicker I ever knew."

A Joker.

A seedy looking man entered a store in Trenton the other day and asked for assistance, backing up his request with a long tale of sickness and lack of employment.

With a wink at his clerk the merchant pointed to a friend who happened to be in the place and replied:

"Ask that gentleman. He is the proprietor. I am only a clerk."

The friend received the beggar's request in a sympathetic manner and, turning to the merchant, remarked:

"This seems to be a worthy case, Mr. Jones; give him a dollar from the cash register," and walked out of the store. It was in vain that the merchant protested that it had been a joke. So insistent did the seedy one become that "de boss" directions should be carried out that it was finally necessary to do so in order to be rid of him.—Lippincott's Magazine.

### A Lecturer's Appreciation.

"The polar bear is an animal of wonderful sagacity," said Professor Nachterfage.

"Never noticed it."

"Of course not. The polar bear does not lend himself kindly to such practices as dancing on his hind legs and drinking out of bottles. But he shows his superior sagacity, a wisdom even beyond that of man, by sticking close to a country where ice is inexpensive the year round."—Washington Star.

### "Mr. Burn" Makes Thrilling Rescue.

Philadelphia, Penn., May 14.—James Pagan, 2 years old, whose parents live at 750 North DeKalb street, toddled out of the second-story window of a department store on Market street, near Tenth, to-day, and created great excitement.

The child fell 20 feet, and was just about to strike the pavement when a man made a flying leap and caught him in his arms as a player would catch a football. Neither the boy nor the rescuer sustained injuries.

The latter, when asked who he was, replied: "Oh, that's all right; I'm Mr. Burns."

### Al. He Heard.

"Well, Willie, I hear you have a new baby at your house."

"Yep."

"What is it, a little sister or a little brother?"

"I dunno. All I heard was pa kickin' about it bein' an ultimate consumer."

### "The Pardoning Governor."

"Sam Jones, the revivalist, came up here and stumped Tennessee against Fiddlin' Bob Taylor, calling him the 'pardoning Governor.'" It was an old-time comrade who spoke, with his pipe in his mouth.

"All right," said Bob, replying to him. Call me the pardoning Governor. But as for Brother Sam Jones, he has said in the pulpit many a time, and you've all heard him, that if it hadn't 'a' been for the pardoning power as exemplified by his Lord and Saviour, he'd 'a' been in h—l long ago."

"Well, that held Jones. He hadn't anything more to say against pardoning, for he sure had preached pardon-

and forgiveness. But the same night, Bob told another story:

"An old auntie came to me," he said—this in his big, solemn voice—and she said:

"Marse Govneh, I want my Sam pardoned."

"Where is he, auntie? I asked.

"In the pentecenary."

"What for?"

"Stealin' a ham."

"Did he steal it?"

"Yes, sah, he suah did."

"Is he a good nigger, auntie?"

"Lawdy, no suh! He's a pow'ful worfless nigger."

"Then why do you want him pardoned?"

"Cause, yo' honeh, we's plumb out ob ham ag'in."—[The Designer for June.

### At the Funeral.

"He has been not only a minister, but an editor."

"You don't say! Then his chances of getting to heaven are even."

"No, his chances of getting to heaven are not quite so good. He was an editor only a short time—not enough to make it an even thing."

### Natural.



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### Faults of the Range.

Mrs. Newed—George, dear, that range we bought last week is no good. We'll have to get another one.

Newed—Why, darling, what's wrong with it? It's one of the best made.

Mrs. Newed—Well, I can't help that. I tried to bake a lemon pie in it this morning, and it came out a pudding.—Houston Post.

### A Better Test.

"I suppose," said the curious man to the customs inspector, "that you can tell by a man's face whether he is a smuggler or not."

The officer shook his head. "I can tell a good deal better by his padding," he replied as he tapped an incoming citizen sharply on his bulging chest.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Rather Personal.

Sapleigh—I saw a vewy—aw—peculiar thing in a show window the othah day, doncher know. It was an—aw—ankle corset for the—aw—support of weak ankles.

Miss Castique—It's too bad some genius doesn't invent a brain corset for the support of weak brains.—Chicago News.

### Of Course.

"Why can't a woman campaign? Why can't she hold other women spell-bound? She has two chances to impress her audience where a man has one."

"What are they?"

"Her oratory and her gowns."—Kansas City Journal.

### No Superstition.

First Roommate (uneasily)—Say, do you believe in spirit noises? I declare there is a sound in this room like a watch.

His Comrade (sleepily)—That's nothing. It's probably only the bed ticking.—Baltimore American.

## The Secret of Youth

Do you ever wonder how you can remain young, or why other women older than you, look younger than you do? The secret can be put in a few words: "Preserve your health, and you will preserve your youth." By "health" we mean not alone physical health, but nerve health, as, sometimes, magnificently strong-looking women are nervous wrecks. But whether you are weak physically or nervously, you need a tonic, and the best tonic for you is Cardui. It builds strength for the physical and nervous systems. It helps put flesh on your bones and vitality into your nerves.

## Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"My mother," writes Mrs. Z. L. Adcock, of Smithville, Tenn., "is 44 years old and is passing through the change of life."

"She was irregular and bloated and suffered terribly. My father stepped over to the store and got her a bottle of Cardui, which she took according to directions and now she is up, able to do her housework and says she feels like a new woman." Try Cardui in your own case.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free.

## OSTEOPATHY FOUNDED

On a Rope—Ten-Year-Old Boy  
Discovered the Principle  
by Mere Chance.

There is living to-day, in a little mud-smothered town in the Middle West a man eighty-one years old who thought a thought, says Grace MacGowan Cooke in The Delinquent for May. Andrew Taylor Still, the founder of osteopathy, was born in Virginia, but in his early childhood was taken by way of Tennessee (where the family sojourned for a short time), to Missouri. Here he grew up amid the primitive surroundings of a Western pioneer. Children, more often than is supposed, think thoughts of their own; but this boy held to the habit. He began at ten years old to find out things in his own way. Swinging, once, till he gave himself a sick headache, he lay down on the ground under the swing, put his head across the rope, which was slightly cushioned with a bit of blanket, and went to sleep, to awaken and find his malady cured. Unlike most people, who would have set the recovery down to chance or to the few minutes' sleep, the child recognized the source of his relief, and followed that treatment for twenty years, without guessing that the pressure of his rope-pillow on the back of his neck had suspended the action of the great occipital nerve and given harmony to the flow of the arterial blood in the temporarily congested head.

The civil war flung in upon the days of his young manhood, pushing away personal plans and sending him into hte army, and when he faced the world anew, things wentward with the young soldier-doctor and his wife and little children.

In his early days in wind-swept

### A Valuable Ohio River Pearl.

Mr. James Connor, the mussel man of this city, on Wednesday of last week, found what will prove to be the finest pearl ever found near Cincinnati since the history of the mussel industry began. It is nearly as large in diameter as a silver dollar, is of perfect luster, and a complete spheroid and is worth all the way from \$500 to \$1,000. It will be remembered that it was only a few years ago when his uncle, Morrison Connor, found a pearl which he sold for \$225, that afterwards sold for more than \$600.—[Cincinnati Telephone.

### A Smile

Is a pretty hard thing to accomplish when you're blue, bilious and out of sorts. There is a sure cure for all kinds of stomach and liver complaints—constipation and dyspepsia. Baller's Herbine is mild, yet absolutely effective in all cases. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by Hartford Drug Co., incorporated.

### Didn't Want to See Him Bust.

The Strong Man (exhibiting himself)—Now I will show you the development of my arms and shoulders and bust.

Silas Hayrick—Hey, wait a minute. Lemme git out of here afore you bust.

### A Matter of Time.

"You ought not to gulp your lunch like that."

"But I save five minutes each day." "Five minutes, eh? Wait until you get to waiting two hours each day in some dyspepsia specialist's ante-room."

## ELDER HENRY CUNNINGHAM

Recommends

## Vinol

For Weak, Run-Down People.

"I was run down and weak from indigestion and general debility, also suffered from vertigo. I saw a cod liver preparation called Vinol advertised and decided to give it a trial, and the results were most gratifying."

After taking two bottles I regained my strength, and am now feeling unusually well.—HENRY CUNNINGHAM, Elder Baptist Church, Kinston, N.C.

Vinol contains the two most world-famed tonics—the medicinal, strengthening, body-building elements of Cod Liver Oil and Tonic Iron. Vinol contains no oil, and is by far the Best Strengthening Tonic obtainable. We return your money without question if Vinol does not accomplish all we claim for it. Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Druggists, Hartford.

## The Continental Fire Insurance Co.

The CONTINENTAL offers the policyholder absolute safety and the agent proven loyalty.

Net surplus, exclusively protecting American Policyholders, more than \$13,000,000—larger than that of any Fire Insurance Company.

A. C. YEISER, AGENT, HARTFORD, KY.